

Feeder, Picture Of Perfect Youth

Left out in the sun to dry again, Washed up on a shore line south of Spain

Gazing up with telescopic eyes, Planetary life above the skies

Oh my God, she's my obsession, my obsession (my obsession)

Here she comes, she's a picture of perfect youth

Here she comes, lifting me up to the moon

Drifting on a boat in emerald seas, Pulling on the strings inside of me

Tasting salt as waves dive over me, Twisting on a rope of memories

Oh my God, she's my obsession, my obsession

Here she comes, she's a picture of perfect youth

Here she comes, lifting me up to the moon

Here she comes, she's a picture of perfect youth

Here she comes

If you could only see, That I'm sinking like a stone

The sea is getting colder, Every second as I go

It's like breathing underwater, But I just can't let you go

My obsession, she's my obsession, my obsession

Oh my God, she's my obsession, my obsession (my obsession)

Here she comes, she's a picture of perfect youth

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